

**THE
SECOND CHAPTER
OF
T E A R'E M**

The Son of

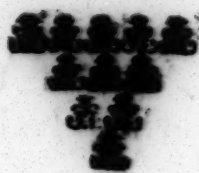
G O R E' A M

IN THE

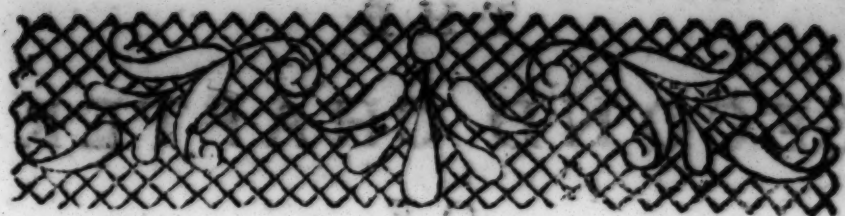
A P O C R Y P H A.

To which is added

The SCRUTINY, a Ballad.



LONDON: Printed for *T. Halifax.*



IN the days of the good King Aurelius
there happened great Confusion and
Heart-burnings in the Land.

And it came to pass that the Elders of the
Law, and the Scribes were assembled together,
in order to determine the Rights of the
People.

Now the Rights of the People were known
unto each Man, and their Customs and Privileges
might have been traced from Generation
to Generation.

Yet when it was left to the Decision of the
Lawyers and Scribes, they wrought nothing
but Confusion and Trouble, and Wranglings
and Disputes among the People.

They found out new and sundry Ways to
perplex and puzzle the Cause, and instead of
settling the Privileges of the People, they
made it out that they had no Privileges at
all.

And the People murmured exceedingly,

saying, to what End have we left our Grievances to these Men?

Day by day do they study to embroil us; and have done what they ought not to have done, and have left undone what they ought to have done.

But one among them said scoffingly, Why wail ye thus, you silly Men; is not your Sufferings the work of your own Hands? or would a Brood of Chickens leave their Grievances from the Kite to be redress'd by the Fox?

For you may depend on it, they will never agree while they are so well paid for their Wrangling.

Now the Animosities among the People grew high; for there were among them Evil Men whose Business it was to sow the Seeds of Discord in the Land.

They reviled the Rulers of the People, yea, the first Nobles of the Land; and the Lord's Anointed did not escape the Venom of their Tongues.

The Streets and Lanes rung with Scandal and Defamation; and the the fall of Tear'em

was bellow'd forth by the renowned Inhabitants of St. Giles's and Brick-street.

But Tear'em regarded not their Flouts, and scorn'd their venal Acclamations; he gave the Preference of their Voices to his Antagonist, who, he said, was most worthy of their Attendance.

And they shouted and bellow'd without ceasing, from Alehouse to Alehouse, and clung round the Chariot of his Honour wherever he went.

And they shouted and bellow'd untill they were Hoarse; and his Honour shouted untill he was Hoarse, and he caught a great Cold.

And the People were grieved for the Supporter of their Liberties, by whose indefatigable Industry he had caught a great Cold; and the valiant BUCKHORSE, with his hardy Myrmidons, were troubled thereat, for they were all Independants; and they feared the Loss of their Pay.

And when they learned in the Law had searched into the Rights of the Tribe of Tear'em;

The Number of the Wicked and Corrupt Voices amounted to upwards of seven Hundred before they had examined one third of them.

And the People reviled them for their misdeeds, and they all laid the blame on Spangge; and acquitted Tear'em of the Sin.

For it was the Knavery of his Followers that brought this Evil upon the People to serve their own Ends.

And the People rejoiced at the Success of Vandepotijah, for he had found Favour in their Sight.

So the People shouted forth their Joy in loud Acclamations, crying, Long live the King and confound his Enemies.

Would you seriously know which of the two Competitors are the best qualified for this great Trust,

Hearken unto that learned Oracle Sir Roger de Coverley; for having well weighed their Merits and Demerits, his Opinion was, *That much was to be said on both Sides.*

Here endeth the Second Chapter.

The SCRUTINY. A NEW BALLAD.
To the Tune of Derry Down.

I.

YE *Westminster* Voters, who dare to
 be free,
 Tho' busy *Cor—tion* dealt round
 the vile Fee ;
 The SCRUTINY, surely, will soon turn the
 Scale,
 And TRUTH and Sir GEORGE o'er *Br—y*
 prevail.

II.

Great Numbers were poll'd both of *Pen---n*
 and *P—ce*,
 And many were aw'd by the Threats of his
G—ce ;
 But how must they blush their Names print-
 ed to see,
 And own that their *Conscience* and *Votes* dis-
 agree ?

III.

The Sons of *St. Mar—t* were brought in
 such Shoals,

(7)

That her Houses in Number are less than her
Polls;
But some had their Being in Stable or Stall;
And many, 'tis prov'd, ne'er had *Being at all*.

IV.

But if robb'd by base Arts of our *Right of*
Election,
Let us prostrate the Throne for its gracious
Protection,
And petition the K--G for his *Conge d'Elire*;
For the M---CH we love---but the M---st---t.
fear.

V.

The' eight *English Harrys* in Hist'ry are
found,
to *Harry the Ninth* by no Duty we're
bound;
For in vain did Eighth *Harry* shake off the
Pope's See,
If *Harry the Ninth* should now fetter the
FREE.

VI.

Mark you venal Tribe, at a *Level* oft' seen,
In Leading Strings various, of blue, red and
green;

(13)

Whom Honour, dishonour, and Titles dis-
grace,
The dignify'd Drags of BRITANNIA's fall'n
Rate?

VII.

Not Tools of a Faction, nor Slaves of a
State,
By *Virtue* ennobled, by *Honesty* great;
May all *British* Voters from Us catch the
Blame,
And strive to revive *England's* Freedom and
Fame?

VIII.

Then circle the Glass, to each true *British*
Soul,
Who, scorn'g Cor-~~ruption~~tion, gave freely his
Poll;
May *Industry* prosper, and *Commerce* ad-
vance,
O'er the Schemes of proud *Spain*, and the
projects of *France*.
Derry Down, &c.



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